THE PORT FOLIO.

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. LIII.

With all my indolence, I cannot tax my recollection with a single *dream*, either to lull or to rouse the public. However languid my invention, or feeble my expressions, whenever I have composed, or compiled my Loungers, I have always filled up this little band box of Fashion and Literature, immediately after my morning coffee, when the whole family of Saunters are as broad awake and vivacious, as can be expected from so sluggish a generation. But one of my correspondents is determined to sleep, while I am watching, and has favoured me with the result of his midnight studies. Ever since I perused the delightful dream of John Bunyan, and the satirical visions of that sneering Spaniard, Quevedo, I have always been partial to those vagaries of Fancy, as she darts from pole to pole, while the dronish body is buried in repose. My sleeping correspondent, however, is not so drowsy as he pretends. He seems to slumber with only one eye at a time; and, with all his snoring, ingeniously contrives to hear very distinctly the noise of other people.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

Although I cannot claim the honour of being a blood relation of yours, yet as you have no doubt often observed, in the world, that persons of very different names may yet be of very similar dispositions, nay even nearly related on the mother's side, I take the liberty of intruding on your sauntering employments with the account of a dream, which I had some nights ago. If you are not better engaged, the perusal of it may, perhaps, divert your attention for a few moments from earthly objects, and the belles of Philadelphia have leave to shew their white necks and red elbows, with impunity, till you have arrived at the conclusion.

I had been previously engaged in reading some of your lucubrations, and retired rather late to rest, with a head full of sauntering ideas. After tossing about for sometime I fell asleep, when, methought, I found myself, all at once, in the midst of a large concourse of people, walking up and down, in the most beautiful garden I had ever seen. Not only the gravel walks were most exactly levelled, and the myrtle hedges trimmed, but the number of lofty trees with which the place abounded, were hung full of beautiful variegated lamps, whose united lustre almost equalled that of day, and completely absorbed the light of the moon, which, on my looking up, appeared to "ride full orbed" in a clear blue sky. Add to this, flowers of every clime, and every season united together. For it created no astonishment within me (such is the strange nature of dreams) to see the rose of Jericho blowing under the shade of the English hawthorn or the convolvulus of the cape of Good Hope, twining round the American aloe. The flowers of early spring and declining autumn grew close together, and although all was beautiful yet all was fantastic.

The assembly corresponded with the mixt nature of the garden, being composed of individuals of every age, of all climes, and of either sex, though by far the greater part were females. The Hottentot lady, with her ankles wrapped round with raw hides, walked cheek by jowl with the belle of America, with bare neck and elbows. Beauties, with rings through their nose, smiled upon beauties with fish-bones in their lips, and the Parisian dame, with plastered face and larded neck, bold step, and leering eye, glanced with disdain upon the humbler attractions of the charmer of Caffraria, whose chief ornaments were braids, rings, and beads, on her neck and arms, and a head most plentifully bedewed with train oil.

Nor was there less variety in the male part of the assembly. The Greenland gentleman, clothed in seal skins, and perfumed with blubber, rubbed against the skipping petit-maitre, with silk stockings, powdered hair, and musk scented clothes—here a south-sea islander, with his skin tattoed all over—there a London cockney afraid of the night air hurting his delicate complexion. I particularly noticed an American buck, who strutted past with Suwarrow boots, Mammoth pantaloons, a head like a barber's block, and shoulders like the bunch on the back of a camel, and who was closely followed by a Hottentot buck of the first water, beautifully smeared over with grease and cow-dung, his legs wrapped in garbage, and his shoulders covered with a raw sheep skin. In a word, to describe the different varieties of the assembly would be nothing less than to give an account of all the modes of dress prevailing over the face of the whole earth.

After I had gazed for some time at this interesting and busy scene, and was wondering what could possibly have collected such a motley crowd, I felt myself suddenly carried along with them, as it were, and soon observed a magnificent building, towards which the whole seemed to direct their steps. Nothing could exceed the richness of the appearance of this building at first view; yet a closer inspection discovered it to be built in a very false taste. Scarcely two of the pillars of the portico were alike—delicate Ionic shafts were sometimes crowned with doric capitals, but more frequently, although the base and shaft were Tuscan, the capital was in the most gaudy style of the Corinthian order. Gothic arches were thrown over Grecian columns, and Indian domes rested on Saracenic buttresses; over the great gate, towards which I seemed rapidly impelled by the crowd, was inscribed, in letters of gold, "The Temple of the Goddess of Fashion." Upon entering the porch of the temple, methought the inside appeared at first irregular in shape, and very preposterous in many of its ornaments; but I had been there but a very short time, when I became violently enamoured of the very absurdities that had shocked me at first. A vast number of statues, in every possible dress, were placed in niches round the temple. Among these I was struck with the figure of a young man, sitting in a chair with his legs stretched out, and his hands in the pockets of his pantaloons. This figure, methought, was so capitally executed that I actually imagined my American buck had been honoured with a niche in the temple of fashion, but happening to cast my eyes round, I saw him with one of his hands disengaged from his pocket, and employed in picking his teeth. I turned again to the statue, and, to my great astonishment, found it had also assumed a similar position, and now I discovered that the niches were magic concave mirrors, each of which reflected a particular and separate individual of the assembly. I immediately looked for my own glass, and soon discovered it—nay, such was the intoxicating effect of the place, that methought I should never have done with admiring myself; although, to tell you the truth, Mr. Saunter, (and I beg it may go no farther,) my best friends tell me I may pass for any thing but an Adonis.

Whilst thus engaged, my attention was suddenly diverted by an unusual bustle among the crowd, and turning my eyes to the quarter whence it proceeded, I perceived the goddess herself, issuing from the penetralia of the temple, followed by a numerous train of milliners, mantua-makers, hair-dressers, taylors, and dancing masters. I cannot say that her appearance pleased me at first. She seemed to have as many airs and affectations as any earthly goddess of my acquaintance, and was continually employed in changing her dress, and surveying herself in the mirrors, every one of which, I observed, had the property of reflecting her image. By degrees, however, I altered my opinion. She appeared, in my eyes, the most beautiful of female deities, and I thought that Venus herself could not appear beautiful, unless arrayed in the garments of Fashion.

The goddess advanced in a waltz step, and I could not help observing a particular knot of females, who hastened to change their dress as quickly as she did, but, unable to keep pace with ethereal attendants, were constantly too late. Some of these ladies, I thought, I knew. They toiled and sweat, and gave themselves more pains to follow Fashion, than ever I had observed them, when on earth, employ in mending their children's clothes, or darning their husband's stockings.

What particularly struck me was to see the polite male part of the assembly as busy as the female in changing their dress, and learning the waltz step. As I could not conceive what model they followed, at length, to my great surprise, I noticed a large over-grown baboon, holding up Fashion's train, and who, to my eyes, appeared habited exactly like an American beau, and no doubt the different male representatives saw this model in the dress of the separate nations,

as they all seemed to pay great attention to his motions. For my own part, when I saw the chattering animal with his huge pantaloons and boots, his short vest, and a grinning head, cropped by nature, I was tempted to laugh; yet so it happened, I presently became reconciled to his appearance, and even began sedulously to model my own dress by that which he wore.

Hitherto I had only seen, in the assembly, a strange, but interesting picture of all the nations and manners of the globe, but as Fashion continued to turn round, in waltzing with the monkey, holding fast by her train, she waved a wand, which I had not before observed, and the influence of which was soon visible on her votaries. The whole assembly began to turn round till I was almost giddy. Here were two men of fashion waltzing out of the door, to fight a duel in the garden—there dancing up to a side-board to get drunk—in one corner a party of young ladies, turning round towards a card table—in another a knot of old women, patching and painting, and hobbling waltzes. In short, I was just going to begin myself, when I was stopped short by the appearance of a grave looking old gentleman, sauntering along, wrapped up in a cloak, under which he carried a short tough cane. This cane I observed him, every now and then, cunningly slip from under his cloak, and rap the ladies' bare elbows with great effect; sometimes he struck them on the toes, and soon made them change their waltz step into a very awkward kind of a hop, and sometimes he contented himself with rubbing their faces pretty roughly with the skirts of his coat, which was not over clean. In short he seemed to be the bug-bear of the whole assembly—even Fashion herself paid him some attention, and it at length occurred to me that it was no other than Samuel Saunter, Esq. himself, in propria persona.

What was very singular, after examining all the mirrors, I could not perceive a single one which reflected his image. Be that as it may, he continued to saunter and rap away at a great rate, and at length seemed to be approaching towards me. I was trying to escape from him, when, methought, the beau, before mentioned, came up to me, and calling out "damn me, Bob, is it you?" the fellow gave me such a thwack on the shoulder, that the whole temple resounded with it, and, in an instant, I found myself broad awake.

R. S.

POLITICS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

Much has been lately said and written of a supposed memorial, drawn up by a French Counsellor of State, and presented to the First Consul Bonaparte, relative to the cession of Louisiana, by Spain, to France, and its authenticity has been a subject of some controversy. I now enclose you a translation from a monthly review of French literature, published at Hamburg, from which you will perceive that there is another memorial upon this momentous subject, likewise of disputed authenticity, but certainly published at Paris, and ascribed to the pen of an eminent minister of state, under Louis XVI. I have never seen the work itself, and know not whether any copy of it has ever reached this country. Probably our government may, at least they ought to know something about it. For although the reviewer questions whether one part of it was really written by the person in whose name it appears, yet thus much is certain—that it was published openly—at Paris—in the course of the last year—and with the name of Count Vergennes, as the author, upon the title-page. Now, from the state of the press in France, and the absolute controul which the consular government exercises over it, we may fairly conclude, that it was not published without their approbation; and, if the reviewer has given a just account of it, the people of the United States are deeply interested in its contents. I beg you especially to remark, that this memorial, though professedly treating only of Louisiana, and calculated to prove not merely the right of France to resume, but that of Spain to restore that province, very explicitly connects the claim to Canada, with that to Louisiana, and asserts the rights of France to both those colonies. This circumstance, no less than the author's name, and the time of publication, is of material import to *us*.

From the indifference manifested by the National Executive, upon the subject of the cession, as well as upon that act of the Intendant at New-Orleans, which it would be so natural to suppose connected with it, many of our fellow-citizens may still think the zeal of the Federalists, on this occasion, unnecessary, or factious. But however disposed we, or any part of us, may be to shrink from the business, it will press upon us in spite of ourselves. We may expostulate and negociate, and attempt to purchase or to bribe. If the world has not changed its constitution, these are not expedients for this occasion. Sooner or later we shall be compelled to act, and, in the meantime, every particle of information, tending to discover the views and elucidate the purposes of France, is precious.

AN AMERICAN.

Translated from the "Journal Littéraire et Bibliographique," of June 1802, a monthly review of French literature, published at Hamburg.

A MEMORIAL, HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL, CONCERNING *LOUISIANA*.....BY THE COUNT DE VERGENNES. 8vo. Paris. Sold by Le Petit.

It is of itself an excellent recommendation for a political work, to appear under the name of a statesman, versed in diplomatic concerns. Among the crowd of ministers, who, during half a century, followed one another in rapid succession, and whose feeble, impotent, and, perhaps, in some instances, perfidious hands accelerated the ruin of a flourishing empire, Vergennes distinguished himself by a wise and enlightened administration, by just and extensive views, by the most disinterested zeal for the public welfare, and by the most rigorous integrity.

The fortune of a book, like that of a man, often depends upon accidental circumstances, absolutely independent of its real merit. We have already mentioned one such circumstance eminently advantageous to this *political memorial*... the well deserved reputation of its author. There is another, equally important....the *time* of its appearance. There could not be a more seasonable opportunity, for the publication of a political work, relative to Louisiana, than that, when the world is informed that France has just been restored to her rights in regard to that colony, and when both houses of the British Parliament have resounded with the importance of this new acquisition. The memorial of Count Vergennes is altogether devoted to the establishment of that importance. It was not difficult to convince the French that it was for their interest to obtain the restitution of Louisiana; but it was a task not quite so easy to prove to the Spaniards, that their interest, properly understood, equally demanded the return of this colony, to its former proprietors. This, nevertheless, is what the author of the memorial undertakes to demonstrate, and, it must be confessed, that his proofs are decisive.

He divides his work into three parts. The first is entirely satisfactory, as to the topography of *Canada*, and of Louisiana, the course and navigation of the immense rivers, which traverse that part of America, the mountains which bound or divide it, the various tribes of savages which inhabit it, and, finally, as to every particular of geographical information relative to that extensive country.

In the second part, the author sketches an historical picture, which establishes, in the most convincing manner, the rights of France *to both those colonies*. But what are the best founded pretensions, without the force which supports them?

The third part of this political memorial contains the history of Louisiana and of Canada, from their discovery, until the cession of one to the English, and the other to the Spaniards.

The most important question to be made concerning a book is, whether it be a good one? But there is another, which very naturally occurs, especially of a posthumous work..... Whether it be really the production of the author to whom it is attributed? There is no reason why the two first parts of this memorial concerning Louisiana, should not have been written by Vergennes; but I confess very serious doubts have arisen in my mind as to the authenticity of the third. First, it would not naturally belong to the plan of a Minister drawing up a political memorial to present to the King. In the next place, it is not in a style suitable to Count Vergennes. It is in a tone very different from that, with which in 1768, he laid before Lewis the fifteenth, the interests of the several powers of Europe. Even if we had no test for comparison, perhaps there might be another method of judging what *must have been* the style of a very conspicuous man. The famous Lavater has been much ridiculed for pretending to know the manners and character of a man by his handwriting; and he might fairly have been compared to the Englishman, mentioned by Addison, who pretended to know the manners of the inhabitants of London, by the signs of the houses were they lodged. I have as little faith as any man in the reveries of Lavater, yet, on this point, I believe his doctrine not wholly groundless, and that by the character of a person, when fully established, a judgment may be formed, if not precisely of the style in which he will, at least of that in which he *will not* write. Thus Vergennes, a plain, grave, moderate, unassuming man, never would make a flourish of declamatory phrases, of smart apostrophes, and of ambitious metaphors. Thus the *Count* de Vergennes, in a memorial presented to the King, never would have spoken of high birth as of an advantage merely imaginary; when, at the time of his writing, it was an advantage so substantial. Never would he have written a sentence worthy of Baboeuf, when speaking of that class of individuals, destitute of property, which is more or less numerous in every community extant.

To this memorial upon Louisiana are added four others of much less extent: three of which are upon *Corsica*, *Guiana*, and *Saint Domingo*, islands which, within the last ten years, have acquired great importance, by the sorrowful or glorious recollections, which they bring to mind. The fourth treats of *Hindostan*, a country which by its beauty, its opulence, its extent, and by the manners and customs of its inhabitants, has always excited the curiosity of Europeans.

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANALYSIS OF SHAKSPEARE'S "AS YOU LIKE IT."

ACT 2....SCENE 6.

This scene is short, but contains an interesting picture of the feebleness of old age.

Act 2....*Scene* 7.

The affection of Orlando for Adam is beautifully pathetic; Jaques, moralizing, produces the highest interest; and his philosophic soliloquy of "All the world's a stage," teaches us, indeed, that we are all poor players,

Who fret and strut our hour upon the stage,
And, straight, are seen no more.

That *life* is "a poor walking shadow,"—"a tale, told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." Jaques, when speaking of Touchstone,

And, in his brain,
Which is as dry, as the remainder biscuit,
After a voyage.

means to describe that kind of *dry* humour, which, ludicrous as it is, raises a smile, even on the lips of the philosopher.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Jaques. He, that a fool doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob; if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomized,
E'en by the squand'ring glances of the fool.

This passage is thus explained, unnecessarily, indeed, but correctly, by Dr. Johnson; "unless men have the prudence not to appear touched by the sarcasms of a jester, they subject themselves to his power, and the wise man will have his folly anatomized, that is, dissected or laid open, by the squandering glances, or random shots of a fool." It contains a sound maxim, and he that models his conduct by it, will save himself from much mortification. Each man will remark, among his own associates, that he, who is most impatient under ridicule, is most often the subject of it.

Jaques insists on "liberty," as large a charter as the wind, "to blow on whom he pleases," and thus seeks an apology for his freedom of speech—

Jaques. What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say,—the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say, that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?—
Or what is he, of basest function,
That says, his *bravery is not on my cost,
(Thinking that I mean him,) but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; how, what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him;—if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself;—if he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.

Jaques will not be personal, but he says, justly, "*qui capit, ille facit.*"

Who, that listens to Orlando, does not admit his apology for his rudeness, while he feels the beauty of the passage?—

Orlando. The thorny point
Of bare distress, hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility.

We cannot resist the temptation to transcribe Orlando's affecting appeal to the compassion of the Duke—

Orlando But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have looked on better days;
If ever been where bells have knolled to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be,
In the which hope, I blush and hide my sword.

* Or fine clothes.

And again—

Orlando. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food.—There is an old poor man
Who, after me, hath many a weary step
Limped in pure love.

Jaques' soliloquy of "All the world's a stage," is too long to be transcribed in this place, but he, who peruses it, will not lose his time.

The song of Amiens speaks feelingly the sting of ingratitude; and to relieve our readers, by a little variety, we shall give it—

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind,
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh, ho! sing heigh, ho! unto the green holly,
Most friendship is feigning, most love is mere folly;
Then heigh, ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh, ho! &c.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

"*Oh! imitatores servum pecus.*" HOR.

THERE is perhaps no accomplishment, more satisfactory in itself, none better calculated to elevate the possessor to a conspicuous station in society, and at the same time more difficult in its acquisition, than that usually denominated a good style. Impressed with this idea, almost every young man at a certain period of life, views it as an object of primary importance, and consequently as meriting no small portion of his time and attention. The methods for the attainment of this desirable end, usually laid down in the common intercourse of life, and strenuously inculcated by the most eminent philologists, are, the imitation of the authors of greatest celebrity, scrupulous observance of the rules of rhetoric, and the frequent practice of composition. It would be fortunate for the literary world, if experience had demonstrated their infallibility; but unhappily, both experience and reason concur in evincing that the two first are inadequate to the end proposed, and that the advantages resulting from the last, are more than duly appreciated.

Imitation cannot be perfectly natural; and without nature, so far from reaching superior excellency, no style can be even moderately good. Nature is a perfection and a grace, without which every thing is defective, because affectation is always a defect. This observation is applicable, not only to style, but to every human action, which when tinctured with affectation, cannot but appear preposterous and disgusting. He who walks with an affected air, he who speaks, who looks, who smiles, who reasons with a degree of affectation, who blends it with the motion of his body, or the expression of his countenance, provokes ridicule and excites disgust. No opinion is more illusory, than that of the supposed benefits consequent upon the imitation of this or that author. Some think to imitate, when they do not even copy. One consecrates his hours to the imitation of the masculine strength, and nervous, energetic language of Johnson, and renders his own coarse, rough and unmusical; another, to the easy, mellifluous periods of Addison and Hawkesworth, and degenerates into languor, without being harmonious; a third to the variegated imagery, sublime conceptions, and pompous phraseology of Burke, and becomes feeble and turgid; and not a few to the concise expression, and ingenious witticisms of Swift, as if wit and ingenuity were the offspring of study, and not the gift of the author of Nature. If the general result of their labour be demanded, we may reply with Quintilian, that, by superadding ridicule to original defect, they eventually render the factitious worse than the natural style. "Plerumque declinant in pejus, et proxima virtutibus vitia comprehendunt, fiunt que pro grandibus tumidi, pressis exiles, fortibus temerarii, lætis corrupti, compositis exultantes, simplicibus negligentes." *Inst. orat. lib.* 10.

If style be not bettered by imitation, an observance of the rules of rhetoric, can conduce still less to its beauty or perfection. These rules are innumerable, and therefore the most fertile memory must be deficient at the moment of composition. While we are occupied with one or two, the rest vanish. Not only each paragraph, but every phrase, and every word, must tally with a thousand different standards. Genius may effectuate in this case, what it is impossible study should ever accomplish. To a mind peculiarly gifted by nature, the most lucid order and best distribution, of which the subject treated is susceptible, the justest concatenation of sentences, the most musical cadence in the structure of the periods, the most appropriate terms, the most significative expressions, and the finest figures, will spontaneously suggest themselves. The understanding then operates like instinct. The soul distinguishes those beauties, rather by feeling than reflection.

The example of the fine arts, might perhaps be objected, in which, to use the pencil or the chissel with the hand of a master, or to acquire the reputation of a skilful artist, assiduous application, and invariable attention to rule, are essential requisites. But, a very slight examination will enable us to perceive that there is no parity of reason; that if the parallel were just, the inevitable consequence would be, that as no painter can rise above mediocrity, without the technical study of his art, eloquence would be the exclusive claim of those who sedulously cultivate the rules of rhetoric. It is almost supererogatory to observe, that the experience of every day proves the contrary.

We have multiplied instances of men, who although utterly ignorant of the doctrine of tropes or figures, have decorated the senate, and added dignity and respectability to the pulpit and the bar; have possessed a pathos, a facility of expression and a persuasive oratory, which a life dedicated to the mechanism of composition never could afford. There is more beauty, says Addison, in one of his Spectators, in the works of a genius who is ignorant of all the rules of art, than in the works of a little genius, who not only knows, but scrupulously observes them. There is a wide line of demarcation as to the application, between the rules appropriated to material, and those chalked out for intellectual subjects. The slightest deviation is easily distinguishable in the first. We decide with accuracy and certitude whether a line be strait or crooked, whether the curvature of an ear be such and such. But we can find no geometry to measure or ascertain the propriety of a metaphor, or of an antithesis, the force of a climax, or of an interrogation. Hence originates that strange diversity of opinion among rhetoricians, when they discuss the merits of a production.

I may perhaps agree, although not without some mixture of scepticism, that the study of rule may enable us to avoid a few gross defects; but I can by no means allow, that it is ever productive of strength or beauty. Nervous diction, forcible conceptions, delicacy of allusion, and the

ornaments of figure, must be found in the storehouse of the mind. If not encountered there, any further search would be nugatory. The seeds of these flowers are there deposited, to vegetate in a fruitful soil, fecundated by the genial influence of the imagination. The habit of composition is very generally recommended, and is, I believe, by far the most efficacious of the methods I have enumerated above. In every science, and in every art, and in this, no doubt, as well as in others, exercise draws forth, and invigorates, the original latent powers of the soul, gives a certain ease and facility to language, and accustoms us to execute with quickness and precision. Notwithstanding these very ostensible advantages, it will be discovered, upon an examination of the works of some of our most voluminous writers, that the style of their first literary labours, maintains an evident superiority over the last, in vigour and comparative perfection. Without servile imitation, and without committing to memory particular words or phrases, the constant perusal of our classics, and the frequentation of the company of persons most remarkable for correctness and purity of language are the only means that induce solid utility. We thus imperceptible become habituated to judgment and skill in the disposition of our materials, to luminous arrangement, to copiousness and perspicuity of expression. There distinguishing characteristics of good style will ultimately appear, indigenous to the soil into which they have been transplanted, and nature will be thus incorporated without, because art then operates like nature.

MORAL.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I WAS much surprised to find from reading some of your late papers, that the ladies of your city, sometimes so far forget their own dignity, and the maxims of decency and propriety, as to make use of *profane expressions* in common conversation. I am not, (in the phrase of a noble Senator,) "*a ladies' man, sir, and I believe, I make as few speeches for the purpose of being heard by the ladies, as any man.*" Yet, I am proud to acknowledge, that I have the highest respect for them, and feel anxious for their welfare. I am happy, when I see them in the enjoyment of domestic felicity. I am still more happy, when I see them by their virtues, preparing for an everlasting abode, in those bright fields of glory, where "love and bliss immortal reign." If you, sir, can convince your fair readers, that the common and unnecessary use, of the sacred name of the deity is wrong in itself, and will tend to leave in jeopardy their highest interest and happiness, you will, I trust, lay the foundation for stopping the progress of this pernicious vice. To lift up a standard against the reigning foibles and vices of the day, is your peculiar province, to assist you is my ambition.

It is said of one of the Roman Emperors*, that he forbade the frequent use of his name among the people, lest it should grow into contempt. How much greater reason, has the creator and governor of the universe, to prohibit among men, the unnecessary use of his tremendous name, and require that we should use it only with reverence and awe. Profane swearing manifests a want of reverence for the deity....for those who on every trivial occasion, make rash appeals to his justice and omniscience, cannot have suitable apprehensions of the nature of that glorious being, whose word brought all nature into existence, whose power supports the world, and whose wisdom directs all the movements of the vast machine of the universe. Those who practice this vice, trifle with the perfections of HIM before whom the earth trembles:....they seem to doubt his power, his holiness and his justice, by calling down his vengeance on themselves and others. Do they suppose, that the vengeance of Heaven is at their command, ready to execute every imprecation that their folly, or anger, or malice, prompts them to utter? Will they throw around them, firebrands, and arrows, and death, and then say, that they were only in sport? *In sport!* ....The issue will be....must be *serious*....for the threatnings of that Being, whose name they have profaned, are denounced against them....HE *will not hold them guiltless.*

Here, let me a moment pause, and inquire whether the loveliest portion of the works of the Creator, can so far dishonour him, as to trifle with his reverend name in their common conversation. Will they whose lovely bosoms ought to be the habitations of the virtues and graces....will they, from whose lips we should hear nothing that has the least appearance of vulgarism or indelicacy....will they forget their duty, their happiness, and their God, and by a presumptuous violation of the moral law, hazard the vengeance of the ruler of the universe. Religion....virtue.... forbid it.

Lest I should be so unhappy, as to weary you, or your readers, I hasten to inform you, that I am,

Yours,

HAMLET.

* Augustus Cæsar.

LEVITY.

[In light political sarcasm the London wits are peculiarly happy. The following *Jeu d' Esprit*, at the expence of the despotic Consul, is after the manner of Arburthnot, and would not disgrace that witty Scotchman. The metaphors, drawn from rural economy, are finely preserved; and the Satire, though sharp, is smoothly keen, like the acuteness of a razor.].

LONDON, JAN. 7.

FARMER BONAPARTE.

Since Mr. Pitt has turned *farmer*, the Chief Consul has also given his attention to *agricultural pursuits;* but he has not so fairly obtained his farm or followed his business. Mr. Pitt rents his premises, and we make no doubt he will pay the rent like an honest man; but Bonaparte entered upon his by force, pretending he was the rightful heir. At a time when the children of the family to which the estate belongs were quarrelling about the conduct of it, it having been grossly mismanaged, and in danger of falling into the hands of foreigners, Bonaparte stepped forward assisted by some soldiers, boasted of *his fortune*, terrified the owners with dread of his witchcraft, and pretending they had granted him possession, drew up for himself a lease for ten years, during which time he engaged to put the farm in the best possible state of repair.

He immediately set about hedging and ditching, but in *banking* he was not very successful. He planted the hedges with *Legislative* and *Tribunate* shrubs; and apparently gave them a good root in the earth, but he has since chilled their growth....He cut a *Senate* ditch, which, while it was to drain the lands of waters that might do mischief, was also to form a reservoir of that most necessary of all articles, occasionally to refresh and re-vivify the plants that might be in a course of vegetation. In his farm yard he was equally industrious. He did not turn off all the old servants, but kept such of them as he thought would be useful. He resolved to become a considerable breeder. His *sheep* he fattened with *hope* which greatly improved them for *fleecing;* but his most favourite scheme was to produce a cross breed in his pigs, between the *royalist pigs* and the *jacobin pigs*. From these he expected admirable *pork*, for the support of his own table; but though both have fed with eagerness on the food he has thrown to them, the breed has not succeeded. He has lately shewn very considerable skill in keeping quiet his own live stock, by laying a trap for a *fox*, once the dread of all such farmers as Bonaparte, but which now goes perfectly tame.

The first thing he did in his field practice was to inclose the common land, telling the poor tenantry that by surrendering their rights to him, they should be better provided for. He harrowed all over their little gardens, rooted out every little privilege, and mowed down every blade of *free* grass to which any one could lay *personal* claim —The parson of the parish, called Liberty of the Press, preaching against this cruel conduct, was chained and sent away, and another parson appointed, who preaches only in favor of the Chief Consul.

Farmer Bonaparte began to manure his farm with the *dung* of *despotism*, from which sprang up a plentiful crop of *fears*. These produced large sums of money at market. He sowed many *fair promises*, from which he reaped considerable *hopes;* but they die so soon, that he finds it necessary to have half a dozen crops a year, in order to be provided with a stock. His *hopes* though of so perishable a nature, are, however, the most remarkable, and they are greedily purchased by all sorts of people, but is thought they will not long be in such high request. He is very anxious to produce *morals:* but the soil is unfavourable for their growth.... With his utmost efforts he cannot cure the *smut* in wheat; it prevails throughout the farm. His corn is large *in the ear*, but it goes to chaff when brought for use. The large crop of *peace*, which he has lately reaped, and exported over Europe, is full of insects, and of an injurious taint, insomuch as to prove very detrimental to the health of those who feed on it. It has thrown Germany into a slow fever, England into a raging fever; and the Swiss, Italians, Dutch, Spaniards, &c. it has thrown into a consumption. Their lungs are in such a state they cannot speak. This is said to be very much the consequnce of the use of the *drill* plough, and of the enormous growth of those weeds called poppies or soldiers. At this present moment he is engaged in rearing *flowers*, and above all he is anxious to succeed in the cultivation of the *Corona Imperialis*.

Having arranged his farm tolerably well, he turned *carcase butcher*, and made a contract with Mr. Melas, in the plains of Maringo, of such vast profit, that he immediately took it into his head he could purchase all the neighbouring farms. He bought Belgium, a piece of Germany, Savoy, &c. that his own farm might lay within a *ring fence*, but having purchased the Cisalpine farm, he claimed the Piedmont as his of right and about this there had nearly been warm disputes....Bonaparte is a better lawyer than a farmer (except that he understands the science of *thrusting*) and having gained most of the causes he has tried before Chief Justice Mars, very few will enter into a suit with him. He is now taking possession of the farm of Switzerland, under pretence of shewing the owners how to cultivate their land. In draining the farm of Holland, as a friendly act to a neighbour, it is thought he will cut down all the *banks* and carry away the whole *stock*. He lately carried a bill through the parliament of Ratisbon, for dividing, allotting, and inclosing certain commonable and waste lands laying in the parish of Germany, for the express purpose of helping himself to a slice in the first instance, and giving pieces to all his friends and dependents.

But of all objects, that the nearest his heart is to obtain possession of the farm of Britain: If he

had but this, he would be the Lord of the manor of Europe. Unfortunately for him, Farmer George is not inclined to part with this farm at any price, and there is an ugly ditch separating Bonaparte's premises from Britain, that deprives him of all hope of entering by any quirk or lawsuit. The owners of Bonaparte's farm and of the farm of Britain have tried their claims over and over again before Mr. Chief Justice Neptune, and it has always been decided, that this ditch is, and forever shall be, the boundary between the two farms. Farmer George and his ancestors have ever retained on their side Counsellors Heart-Oak, Jolly Tar, and Cannon, who have never failed to gain the cause in the most decisive manner. Bonaparte wishes for this farm exceedingly as it produces money, ships, colonies, credit, commerce, of all of which he is in want. But as it is obvious that he has ten times more land and more live stock than he can manage to advantage we trust his avarice will never be farther gratified. He had better cultivate the land he has, than covet every thriving farm in his neighbourhood.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

[By reading this report, one may acquire a very tolerable idea of a litigious Norman, who keeps a bank for the benefit of the legal profession.]

LEWIS v. FILEWOOD.

This action was brought under the following circumstances:—About six or seven years ago, a gentleman of the name of Button, who lives in the county of Essex, obtained in the court of king's bench a criminal information against Mr. Baldery, who lives in Holborn, for exposing in his shop a *caricature print*, entitled *button-holes*, and representing a gentleman in the pillory. Although Mr. Baldery knew nothing of Mr. Button, to whom this caricature related, he was sent to jail for three months.

It turned out that the present defendant, the Rev. Mr. Filewood, of the county of Essex, was the author of this caricature, and was the person who should have been prosecuted for it; and therefore he requested the plaintiffs, Lewis and Morgan, who are attorneys, to defend Baldery against that information, which they did, and were paid by Filewood upwards of 90l. for their costs. Filewood also authorised them to supply Baldery with money while he was in jail, and that he would reimburse them; that they had done so—that he paid them 80l. on account, and that the present action was brought to recover the remainder.

A respectable clergyman, who is a neighbour of Mr. Filewood, said, when he, at the request of the plaintiffs, had applied to Mr. Filewood for the remainder of his money, he replied, that he had so many law expences on his hands, although he always laid by 300l. a year for law, his law expences that year had been very great, and that he could not pay it till after harvest, when he got his tythes.

The plaintiff's case was clearly made out.

Lord Kenyon—"I cannot forbear saying, that the sooner this Rev. Gentleman is deprived of this fund which he has laid up for law, so much the better for the public."—*Verdict for plaintiff* 30l.

REVIEW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[Review of a pamphlet, entitled, The Mississippi question fairly stated, and the views and arguments of those who clamour for war, examined. In seven letters, originally written for publication in the Aurora, at Philadelphia. By Camillus. Philadelphia, printed by William Duane, 1803. p. p. 48.]

SINCE the letters of Camillus have assumed the pamphlet form, they have become fair game for literary criticism, and political animadversion. They appear before the public under a fictitious signature; curiosity is therefore busy in its endeavours to identify the author, and as usual on such occasions, conjectures as to the person, are various and contradictory. In a literary scrutiny, an author's *rank and character*, need not be known, in order to pass a correct judgment upon the merit of his works; but, in attempting to appreciate the value of a political disquisition, the object, the design, and the motives of the writer, cannot be too thoroughly investigated; his *rank and character* should be known, because, in proportion to the dignity of his station, will the opinions he endeavours to disseminate, command attention, and, even in this republican country, such is the homage paid to artificial and official elevation, that a political pamphlet, which, if ascribed to the pen of an humble proselyte, and dependent of the *Spanish government*, would sink into oblivion, like other ephemeral speculations; yet, (by way of illustration), dignify its title page, with the name of his Catholic Majesty's Ambassador to the United States of America, and personify "Camillus," as the Marquis del Casa d'Yrujo, and, my word for it, you raise an interest in the public mind, whose ardour and extent, it is not easy to calculate.

Far be it from me, to insinuate, that the Spanish Ambassador, is the author of the seven letters, signed Camillus. I have yet a lively recollection, that a Spanish minister once prosecuted a printer for *a libel*, and I hesitate not to say, that to accuse an Ambassador from a foreign court, with writing matter so obnoxious to the country where he resides, as is contained in those letters, would be an offence, which would justify another prosecution, on similar grounds. Could any one, so far forget the respect due to the high rank, and exalted character of a Representative of Majesty, as to charge the Spanish Ambassador, with stooping to the menial employment of a *newspaper-scribbler*, I should think he deserved the severest chastisement, that the laws of our country can inflict. Common sense, and the settled rules of decorum revolt at the idea, that a messenger of peace, from one sovereign state to another, should be detected in an attempt to scatter discord and dissention among the different members of the same great family, in which he resides, by virtue of his office. The character, the person, and the family of an Ambassador, are under the protection of the law of nations; in addition to which, they are protected by the municipal laws of the country, where they dwell; and it would be an outrage of no common stamp, to suppose, that these high privileges have been prostituted by the Spanish Ambassador, to the paltry purpose of calumniating one half the American nation, by whose government he is accredited, as the Representative of *a friendly* foreign power. Believing it impossible, then, in the fitness of things, that the Marquis del Casa d'Yrujo, could have produced a work of such malignity, as the seven letters signed Camillus, to whom shall we ascribe them? In point of composition, they are far above the level of ordinary talent; the language is pure, perspicuous, and, with few exceptions, free from foreign idiom; the style is nervous and appropriate to gazette disquisitions. In short, if permitted to imitate Junius, I would say, You are a scholar Camillus, and if I am rightly informed, you write English with almost as much elegance, and full as much facility as your mother tongue. You have resided both in England and America, from an early period of your life, and with the aid of able teachers, not more than by the aptness of your own capacity, you have attained a degree of proficiency in the language of the American people, which few foreigners have equalled, none, perhaps, have surpassed. With these advantages, before an American tribunal, you are enabled to plead the cause of your Sovereign, with singular prospects of success. I say, with singular prospects of success, because you have caught the momentary disposition for *peace and no taxes*, which our national rulers have strove with might and main to inculcate, as the best policy of our country, and you have built upon this fallacious basis the opinions you hold as to our permanent, *probable*, system.

I shall concede *nothing* to Camillus. In the outset of the investigation, I propose, by assuring him, that in the bitterness of anguish, and the utmost humiliation of my feelings, as *a native of the United States*, I am constrained to believe, that *his* policy....the policy of the King, his master, and the policy of his magnificent ally, Bonaparte, will be tolerated by the present administration of my country; and that, in defiance of a strong current of opinion in favour of a very different, and to my view, a more salutary system. A system, perfectly reconcileable with *peace*, and dictated by the clearest rights of a free and independent nation. For the purpose of passing his opinions, as the current coin of the country, Camillus has assumed the style of a native citizen, and speaks, with great familiarity of "our government," "our citizens," and "our interests." An Ambassador from a foreign power, can hardly be supposed to be so ignorant of the rights attached to his character and person, as to imagine, that the circumstance of his connection, by marriage, with an American lady, gives him a title to all the privileges of a native. It is the lady, who changes her country, and acquires whatever advantages may be attached to the alteration of her condition. Under my present impressions, as to the identity of Camillus, I cannot consent to become the dupe of a shallow artifice, which would endeavour to impose upon the public, the opinions, feelings and sentiments of *a Spaniard*, as the genuine and spontaneous impulse of a native American. Judging of the feelings of others, by my own, I would venture to affirm, that no American, *who is not unworthy of his country*, would refuse his hearty assent to the declaration contained in the resolutions introduced by Mr. Ross, that "it does not become the dignity of these United States, to hold a right so important," as the free navigation of the river Mississippi, "by a tenure so uncertain."

Of the seven letters now under examination, six are employed in attempting to convince the people of the United States, that the interruption of our stipulated right of deposite, at New-Orleans, *is the sole cause* of all the clamour, that has existed, respecting the *hostile designs* of France, and the actual hostilities of the Spanish government. The seventh and last letter alone, touches the real and substantial question in this controversy, viz. *the cession of Louisiania to France*; so that in a pamphlet of forty-eight pages, only an eighth part of the whole, is devoted to the discussion, of what is universally acknowledged to be the cause of danger and alarm to the American nation. Since the letters of Camillus were written, the French Charge d'affaires has publicly and explicitly avowed, that the Spanish intendant, at New-Orleans, is now nothing but the *locum tenens* of the First Consul, whose troops are hourly expected to take possession of the province of Louisiana, as the property of the French republic. When this event shall have taken place, the Spanish Ambassador, it is presumed, will be as indifferent, to the rights and relations of the United States, towards that territory, as any other foreign agent; and it is a matter of no little surprise, that he should have given himself so much trouble, to avert a war between the two countries, if he really believed that "no other pretext for war," existed, "than

the single fact of our being deprived of the place of deposit at New-Orleans, by the Spanish Intendant."

PUBLIUS.

(To be continued.)

EPISTOLARY.

[The Editor of the new edition of Goldsmith's miscellaneous works remarks, that the ensuing epistle, to Mr. Mills, "is in the finest style of elegant and delicate composition." To this criticism there is no room for dissent. On the contrary, as this letter was addressed to a man of rank and literature, it appears that the author was solicitous to give it the highest finishing. It is more elaborate than the rest of his correspondence. It is to be regretted that a man so favoured by Fortune, and so extolled by Goldsmith, as this Mr. Mills, should suffer inattention, or a worse cause, to interrupt his bounty to one, who could assert the triple claim of Friendship, Want, and Merit. It does not appear that any notice was taken of the poets' request, so eloquently expressed, and so pathetically urged.]

ORIGINAL LETTER, FROM OLIVER GOLDSMITH,

TO EDWARD MILLS, ESQ.

Near Roscommon, Ireland.

DEAR SIR,

You have quitted, I find, that plan of life, which you once intended to pursue; and given up ambition for domestic tranquillity. Were I to consult your satisfaction alone in this change, I have the utmost reason to congratulate your choice; but when I consider my own, I cannot avoid feeling some regret, that one of my few friends has declined a pursuit, in which he had every reason to expect success. The truth is, like the rest of the world, I am self-interested in my concern; and do not so much consider the happiness you have acquired, as the honour I have probably lost in the change.

I have often let my fancy loose, when you were the subject, and have imagined you gracing the bench, or thundering at the bar; while I have taken no small pride to myself, and whispered, all that I could come near, that this was my cousin. Instead of this, it seems, you are contented to be merely an happy man; to be esteemed only by your acquaintance—to cultivate your paternal acres—to take, unmolested, a nap under one of your own hawthorns, or in Mrs. Mills' bed-chamber, which even a poet must confess is rather the most comfortable place of the two. But however your resolutions may be altered, with respect to your situation in life, I persuade myself they are unalterable with regard to your friends in it. I cannot think the world has taken such entire possession of that heart, (once so susceptible of friendship,) as not to have left a corner there for a friend, or two; but I flatter myself that even I have my place among the number. This I have a claim to from the similitude of our dispositions; or, setting that aside, I can demand it as my right, by the most equitable law in nature, I mean that of retaliation: for, indeed, you have more than your share in mine. I am a man of few professions, and yet this very instant I cannot avoid the painful apprehension that my present professions, (which speak not half my feelings) should be considered only as a pretext to cover a request, as I have a request to make. No, my dear Ned, I know you are too generous to think so; and you know me too proud to stoop to mercenary insincerity. I have a request, it is true to make; but, as I know to whom I am a petitioner, I can make it without diffidence, or confusion. It is, in short, this; I am going to publish a book in London, intitled, An Essay on the present state of Taste and Literature in Europe. Every work, published here, the printers in Ireland republish there, without giving the author the least consideration for his copy. I would, in this respect, disappoint their avarice, and have all the additional advantages, that may result from the sale of my performance there, to myself. The book is now printing in London, and I have requested Dr. Radcliffe, Mr. Lawder, Mr. Bryanton, my brother, Mr. Henry Goldsmith, and brother-in-law, Mr. Hodson, to circulate my proposals among their acquaintance. The same request I now make to you, and have accordingly given directions to Mr. Bradley, bookseller in Dame-street, Dublin, to send you an hundred proposals. Whatever subscriptions, pursuant to these proposals, you may receive, when collected, may be transmitted to Mr. Bradley, who will give a receipt for the money, and be accountable for the books. I shall not, by a paltry apology, excuse myself for putting you to this trouble. Were I not convinced that you found more pleasure in doing good natured things, than uneasiness at being employed in them, I should not have singled you out on this occasion. It is probable you would comply with such a request, if it tended to the encouragement of any man of learning whatsoever; what then may not he expect, who has claims of family and friendship to enforce his?

I am, dear sir, your sincere friend,
and humble servant,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

London, Temple Exchange Coffee-House,
Temple-bar, August 7, 1759.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

In the fifth volume of the very elegant and eloquent sermons of Dr. Blair, the following memorable passage occurs—"In its present state, the British government may justly be accounted to be removed to an equal distance from either despotism or anarchy; and, therefore, to have approached nearer to the perfection of social order than any other government, ancient or modern. To this point it has arrived in the progress of ages, not in consequence of theories formed by speculative men, such as our modern reformers, but in consequence of experiments made and trials undergone. Experience, that great parent of all, but especially of political wisdom, taught a brave, generous, and high spirited people, how to correct, by degrees, preceding evils, and to form the wisest plan for liberty and security. In this state, we now find the British constitution. It stands among the nations of the earth, like an ancient oak in the wood, which, after having overcome many a blast, overtops the other trees of the forest and commands respect and veneration. All foreigners look to it with wonder and with envy as the happiest system that ever was devised for uniting dignity in the magistrate and liberty in the subject with protection and security to all. Justly may we challenge those who attempt to criticise it, to produce from the annals of history any example of such a multitude of men, as the British subjects held together in the bands of civil society, under so few restraints, and with such full enjoyment of freedom.

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It is not worth our while to discuss, like sophisters, whether in no case, some evil, for the sake of some benefit, is to be tolerated. Nothing universal can be rationally affirmed on any moral or political subject. Pure metaphysical abstraction does not belong to these matters. The lines of morality are not like the ideal lines of mathematics. They are broad and deep as well as long. They admit of exceptions; they demand modifications. These exceptions and modifications are not made by the process of logic, but by the rules of prudence. Prudence is not only the first in rank, of the virtues, but she is the director, the regulator, the standard of them all. Metaphysics cannot live without definition; but prudence is cautious how she defines. Our courts cannot be more fearful in suffering fictitious cases to be brought before them for eliciting their determination on a point of law, than prudent moralists are in putting extreme and hazardous cases of conscience upon emergencies not existing.

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Let the knaves and fools of our miserable and degraded country, go on, precipitously, to destruction; there are some who can exclaim with wisdom, experience, and Burke—"Let us no more be led, through an admiration of successful fraud and violence, to imitate the excesses of an irrational, unprincipled, proscribing, confiscating, plundering, ferocious, bloody and tyrannical democracy."

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All, who are curious to see the brilliant termination of republican experiments, are invited to regard the ensuing article. Curious reader, contrast the Asiatic splendor of a Consul with the meagre patriotism of Marat, the donation of patriotic shoe-buckles, the melting of church-bells, and the meek and lowly views of Santerre, the brewer, and of Legendre, the butcher of revolution!

Extract of a letter from an English Gentleman at Paris, dated January 13, 1803.

"At last I have had an opportunity of seeing (I may say, on this side the water) the greatest man in Europe, I mean the First Consul of France. On the 5th inst. he reviewed the troops near the palace of the Thuilleries, and I had the pleasure of being placed in a room, through which he had to pass and repass; and a seat at a window nearly opposite to his fixed station, so that I could plainly perceive the whole of the evolutions. I cannot compliment the artists, who have given to the public what they call a portrait of this great man; he has by no means that *meagre* and *ferocious* looking countenance they have described him to have; on the contrary, you may easily perceive, through rather a melancholy cast of feature, a smile of complacency that gives an irresistible interest to his person, that no stranger can fail to admire, and at once prepossesses you in his favour. Now I am sure none of the portraits I saw when in England, are at all calculated to inspire any one with such a sentiment.

"The troops in general I thought but indifferently cloathed, though most expert in their exercise; the *Consular Guard*, however, are an exception to this rule, they are *most perfect*, fully equal to our Guards, and are composed of such as have signalized themselves on some particular occasion during the war. With respect to order and discipline, they greatly excel the British troops *on the Parade*; they scarcely require the word of command, they move like clock-work and seem to act more by *instinct* than by regular discipline.

"On the above occasion, the Arabian horses presented to the First Consul by the Turkish Ambassador, most richly caparisoned, were paraded in front of the line, and were greatly admired by the General. During the review, Bonaparte frequently stopped his horse to receive petitions, which he took with uncommon freedom, and without the smallest reserve. After all was over, and the troops had filed off, Bonaparte directed his course to the Palace of the Thuilleries; he had alighted from his charger, and was ascending the staircase leading to the Audience Chamber, when a genteel-looking woman, holding a paper in her hand caught fast hold by his coat, and stepping for-

ward, placed herself before him. A momentary consternation prevailed, and every one expected the Consul would have signified his immediate displeasure and resentment; but, to the astonishment of all present, he took the paper, read it, conversed with her for a short time, and was pursuing his way. She again intreated; he stopped a second time, and smiling, told her, her suit should be attended to. This circumstance, trivial in its nature, created a momentary alarm; the Generals, who had ascended the staircase, returned with a quick step, and instantly surrounded their Chief. He seemed to chide them for their apprehesions, and laughing led the way to the Palace.

"The same day the First Consul, which I understand to be the etiquette, invited a select party to dine with him, on which occasion the Duchess of Gordon, Lady Georgiana, Lord and Lady Cholmondely, and all the English of distinction, were included. *Nothing could exceed the magnificence of this monthly Gala;* the whole of the company were entertained at the same table, set out in a superb Gallery; and instead of the First Consul, as might naturally be supposed, seating himself at the head of the table, the Republican Chief placed himself directly in the middle, Madame Bonaparte confronting him, having to the right and left the Noble visitors of his feast. The whole of the entertainment was served up on *gilt plate*, and the fare consisted of every delicacy the season or ingenuity could produce.

"There was an Assembly in the evening, at which upwards of 500 persons were present. The Chief Consul played cards till eleven o'clock, when the company, such being the constant practice, instantly rose from their seats, and retired to their homes. The second and Third Consuls have also their weekly dinners and assemblies, but they are not so numerously attended.

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PARIS, OCT. 4.

PRIVATE LETTER.

Even the daring and ambitious mind of Bonaparte is obliged often to relinquish its favourite designs, by the terror of public opinion. To commit, as he intended, to his brother Lucien, the military and naval departments of the administration; to Joseph, the foreign and domestic correspondence; to Talleyrand, the sole management of the revenue; is more than he dares, at present, adventure upon.

Preparations are silently made to carry the plan for the Legion of Honour, as soon as possible, into effect in all its parts. There is, however, one perplexing difficulty in the affair. The Legion, if filled with every eminent military name, might become too formidable to its very creator. If composed chiefly of obscure and undistinguished persons, it would appear contemptible.

Estates, to the average value of 20,833l. 8s. sterling each, have been lately purchased by government, and bestowed as gratifications on some of the most eminent of the Generals; Moreau alone is overlooked. His visit at Morfontaine has had no farther effect than as a testimony of personal regard to M. Joseph Bonaparte, who is, indeed, the most modest of the family. Moreau will not deign to approach Bonaparte as a sneaking courtier; nor will Bonaparte descend to meet Moreau on frank and equal terms.

Since the First Consul's retreat to St. Cloud, and since Fouché and his spies were dismissed, Paris begins to enjoy a momentary freedom of conversation and action, which has a charm like that of the fresh air to a man that has been long immured in a dungeon. Epigrams, secret anecdotes, and the ingenuity of malicious conjectures, are, once more, in lively currency. Arrests have been, for these last few days, less frequent. But the swallows will soon find, that they begun to sing unseasonably, and have mistaken the transient gleam of a December's day, for the actual return of Spring.

The authoritative Proclamation to the Swiss is heard even in Paris with horror. It is a growl of despotism, by which the Parisians are at once terrified and enraged, as if it were addressed immediately to themselves.

Bonaparte's religion is not at all to the taste of the nation. The *Concordat* is a *ragout* for which they have no appetite. Private chapels are frequented for religious worship at present more than ever.

It is inconceivable what a life of precaution and terror, for his personal safety, the First Consul now constantly leads. When he goes to survey the works now in progress at St. Cloud, the workmen are required to shun his near approach, to drop their tools while he is in sight, and not to resume them till he is gone. He was lately walking in the park of Malmaison with one of the Generals who have the command of his guard. The General made a movement to change the position of his sabre, which happened to hang too low. Bonaparte started from his side, in alarm. A moment of embarrassed silence followed; but they continned their walk, and nothing was said between them of this incident.

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The wit of the ensuing lampoon, from one of the ablest of our political papers, is both playful and pungent.

NANCY DAWSON'S DISTRESS;

OR THE

FORCE OF CREDULITY.

'Twas said in Congress-hall of late,
Miss Nancy Dawson wish'd to state,
A *secret* of importance great,
To pretty—Nancy Dawson.

With simpering look, and modest air,
Up rose this most distinguished fair,
She bites her nails, then strokes her hair,
Confused—Nancy Dawson.

Clear out the galleries, she says,
The vile *canaille* my blushes raise,
I cannot bear their saucy gaze;
Oh! modest—Nancy Dawson.

Let doors and windows closed be,
Let not an eye through key-hole see,
The *pains* of my *delivery;*
Oh! pity—Nancy Dawson.

'Tis true, each crack so close they keep,
We cannot get a single peep;
Some people think, they're all asleep,
With—pretty Nancy Dawson.

The gossip neighbours whispering say,
They thought it would turn out this way,
Beau *Randy's* led the girl astray;
Oh!—naughty Nancy Dawson.

THE OLLA, No. VI.

To those, who are melancholy we prescribe the following. Our medicine for the spleen will cause no wry faces. It is sweet, and may be taken after dinner, as well as fasting.

Mr. S. Kemble, an actor remarkably corpulent, has given occasion to the London witlings, to exercise all their puns, and to brandish many a joke.

A promising young actress is stated to have performed *Desdemona* at Newcastle, *under* Stephen Kemble. How this young lady escaped a real *smothering* we know not.

Mr S. Kemble's success in *Falstaff* is truly wonderful. He carries *all before him!*

Although there are some shades of difference in the opinions of the Criticks concerning Mr. S. Kemble's *Falstaff*, it seems generally agreed upon that he *fills* the part more *naturally* than any of his predecessors.

Stephen Kemble's *Falstaff* having now received the stamp of the *London Mint*, will pass current over the whole kingdom. He is engaged for Bath, Bristol, and other towns, and a *light waggon* is building for his conveyance.

It is to be hoped that Mr S. Kemble will treat us with his *Hamlet* before he leaves town. With what nature must he pronounce the soliloquy:

"Oh! that this too, too solid flesh would *melt,*
"*Thaw* and *resolve itself into a dew?*"

A morning paper compliments the managers of Drury-lane for having *well weighed* Mr. Stephen Kemble's merits—we presume *against half the company.*

A person has lately advertised in a Bristol paper, that he has entered into the *rope* business, and he assures the public, that any orders given to him in his *line*, will be properly *executed.*

L'AVARE RECONNOISSANT.

On dit que l'avare Henrique,
Hait a tel point le mot *donner,*
Que dans un bon moment, se laissant entrainer,
A recompenser jean, son ancien domestique.
Je suis, dit il, trés content,
De ton zéle, et je me propose,
D'en etre un jour reconnoissant:
Aussi fais moi souvenir mon enfant
De te *promettre* quelque chose.

TRANSLATION.

Flint, the most miserable wretch alive,
To whom no word so odious was as "give,"
Had for some years a faithful lad possess'd,
Whom in a grateful mood he thus address'd:
"Tom, thou hast long my house and person guarded,
"And oughtest to be, and shalt be, well rewarded;
"Remind me, then, forget it not, I pray,
"I something *promise* you, my lad, some day."

A man, whose name was *Cotton*, having a dispute with a neighbour, they agreed to decide the business with their fists; and the former being vanquished, a punning spectator observed, "*Cotton* is *worsted.*"

The papers tell us of a *great curiosity.* Mr. Brown, Surgeon at Slough, has a *black*-bird which is entirely *white.*

Some of the audience were more *mad* than *Hamlet* on Monday night. One buck tore a box door down to get a place;—a challenge was given and accepted, but no duel took place.

Poor John Bull is not equal to the load that France would impose upon him. It would require a *prize ox* to bear the *yoke* of Bonaparte.

It would have been more correct in the Court Martial lately held at Plymouth, had they sentenced the prisoner *Cannon* to have been *discharged!*

An Irishman having occasion lately, in London, to send a two pound bank note into the country, and being informed that the best method of transmitting notes was to send them in halves, he very *cautiously* sent a *one pound note* by *one post*, and *another note of equal value* by the *next.*

As Monsieur Recamier is a *hatter*, he is probably *dying* for more than his wife.

FIDELITE.

Air; "*O ma tendre Musette.*"

La femme (à Paris) est, je l'assure,
Fidelle.....à son miroir,
Fidelle a sa parure,
Fidelle a son boudoir,
Fidelle au joli code
Qu'amour sut établir,
Fidelle a chaque mode,
Et fidelle au plaisir.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ODE TO SPLEEN.

Hence with thy torturing power away,
Fell demon of terrific mien,
No more obscure bright pleasure's ray,
Nor cloud with care life's checquer'd scene,
While youth with joy-illumin'd eye,
Bids Fancy yield the distant view,
Shall thy disgusting form be nigh,
To shade with doubt each glowing hue?

Hence, nor in life's delightful spring,
Flit round my head on raven wing,
To plant the venom'd thorn of care,
And wake the slumb'ring fiend *despair*.

Hope waves her magic wand around,
Enchantment's glowing scenes appear,
With myrtle wreaths her brows are crown'd,
She comes to fix her empire here;
No anxious doubt within my breast,
Shall rule, with fierce despotic sway,
Each rising sigh is hush'd to rest,
And pleasure gilds the opening day:

Love's laughing form, his brightning eye,
Shall all the shafts of care defy,
Bid fear and jealousy depart,
And reign sole monarch o'er my heart.

Hence then, nor dare to hold thy reign
Where love shall dwell without controul,
Nor with thy adamantine chain,
Restrain the movements of the soul;
No more shall clouds portentous lour,
To chill my heart with fearful dread,
To darken joy's delightful hour,
Or crown with thorns my aching head—

No tear shall trickle from my eye,
My heart shall own no swelling sigh;
Thy power I'll scorn, I'll laugh at care,
And brave the haggard fiend despair.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LINES ADDRESSED TO MARY, ON THE DEATH OF HER LAP-DOG CHARLES.

Embalmed by lovely Mary's precious tears,
Poor *Charles* beneath this verdant hillock sleeps;
Living, the object of her constant fears;
Now dead, his early fate his mistress weeps.

Remembrance tells his various winning ways,
His fawning tricks, his giddy antics round;
His wagging tail, how oft it courted praise,
His silky coat, how warm in bed 'twas found.

Weep not my fair—puppies abound, God wot,
Another faithful pet thou still may'st see;
Or—if no other puppy can be got,
The bard himself will be a *Charles* to thee!

PETRUCHIO.

SELECTED POETRY.

[A rare instance of that early maturity of genius in some, Quos æquus Jupiter amavit, is exemplified in the history of a living poet in England. A Mr. Hunt, a youth of seventeen, has, from a still tenderer age, been in the habit of composing in a style of correct elegance, poems, which display not merely a fertility of invention, but a wonderful accuracy and delicacy of taste. We shall, occasionally, copy the productions of this juvenile bard, and rejoice that Genius can overleap the vulgar bounds of time.]

ODE TO CONTEMPLATION.

BY J. H. L. HUNT.

Ere yet the circling Lord of Time
O'er Autumn's hills of brown
Unclasps from off his front sublime
His far-refulgent crown;
Ere yet the placid evening fold
Her purple stole, bedropt with gold,
And twilight shut the silent hour;
O, nymph, whose charms with age renew,
I steal from care and man, to woo
Thy calm energic pow'r!

Ye great! I ask not your repose
On swelling velvet laid,
While o'er my head the oak-leaves close
Their venerable shade.
Far, far from grandeur's careful way
To vales and groves the muses stray,
With innocence and sanguine health;
Far, where no faithless hope can come
And lure meek Nature from her home,
To follow guilt and wealth!

And who, for all the sickly charms
That grandeur boasts are his,
Would change the eternal glow that warms
The healthful cheek of bliss?
Who quench in wealth's cold wintry wave
The gen'rous flame that nature gave
To fill the independent soul?
Not he, with manlier reason blest—
Not he, unheeded o'er whose breast
The storms of passion roll.

No, conscience, no—one frown of thine—
One frown, thou wondrous pow'r,
Would crush the sweetest charm divine,
The MEDITATIVE HOUR!
Far, CONTEMPLATION, from thy walk,
Pale guilt in wild mysterious talk
Holds fearful converse with the air;
Far strays his gaunt and wasted form
To fill the pauses of the storm
With curses and with pray'r!

But thee, mild nymph of virtue born,
Attendant of the good,
What ever-glowing charms adorn
The charms of solitude!
Thine is the hour serene and still
When gentlest airs the woodland fill
With sighs that whisper to repose;
Thine the brisk morn's elastic hour,
The weary noon's sequester'd bow'r,
The day's majestic close.

Lo, where yon woodbines clust'ring gay
Perfume th' impurpled green—
Where drops pale Hesper's pensive ray,
Thy saintly form is seen!
Thine arms beneath thy moveless breast
Seem folded in eternal rest;
Refulgent is thy lifted eye;
Thy step, by careful glow-worms led,
Unseen and silent as the tread
Of dark futurity!

O, still, when purple ev'ning glows
Athwart the shadowy hour,
The venerable train disclose
That own thy thoughtful pow'r;
Pale wisdom, round whose awful head
The stars a a wondrous halo shed;
And truth, that rends the mask of vice;
And fancy with her thousand beams;
And innocence, whose airy dreams
Are weav'd in Paradise!

Still, while the stream of life swells high
Within this glowing heart,
To eager youth's regardful eye
Thy steadier beam impart;
And when pale Death, with noiseless flight,
Wrapt in the shivering shades of night,
Steals slow from some Lethean Isle,
O, bid the uplifted eye unclose,
Look back where Life's green landscape glows
Nor shut without A SMILE.

FROM MAURICE'S POEMS.

ON A BEAUTIFUL GREEK AT CHURCH.

To paint some heavenly form when Raphael tries,
And bids an angel on the canvas rise,
With just that smile he bids his features glow,
With just that grace his auburn tresses flow;
Such the fond bloom his youthful cheek arrays,
Such the mild innocence his look displays.
Forgive me Heav'n, if, while thy rites I pay,
My wandering thoughts on thy fair creature stray;
If cold and languid my devotions rise,
While earth affords so fair a paradise!

—

[One of the finest gentlemen, gaytest wits, and accomplished courtiers in the train of Charles I. was Sir John Suckling. His verses are memorable for their singular sprightliness and ease; and, above all, for the fertile invention they display, combined with a certain gentlemanlike grace and elegance. In the ensuing stanzas, the progress of courtship is splendidly illustrated by an apt assemblage of military metaphors.]

LINES,

BY SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

'Tis now, since I sat down before,
That foolish fort, a heart,
(Time strangely spent!) a year or more,
And still I did my part:

Made my approaches; from her hand
Unto her lips did rise;
And did already understand
The language of her eyes;

Proceeding on with no less art;
(My tongue was engineer;)
I thought to undermine the heart,
By whispering in the ear.

When that did nothing, I brought down
Great cannon oaths, and shot
A thousand thousand to the town,
And still it yielded not.

I then resolv'd to starve the place,
But cutting off all kisses;
Praising and gazing on her face,
And all such little blisses.

To draw her out, and from her strength,
I drew all batteries in;
And brought myself to lie, at length,
As if no siege had been.

When I had done what man could do,
And thought the place mine own,
The enemy lay quiet too,
And smil'd at all was done.

I sent to know, from whence, and where,
These hopes and this relief?
A spy inform'd, honour was there,
And did command in chief.

March, march, quoth I; the word strait give
Let's lose no time, but leave her;
That giant upon air will live,
And hold it out forever.

To such a place our camp remove
As will no siege abide;
I hate a fool that starves her love,
Only to feed her pride.

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